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NEW THOUGHT

JUNE
1912

PSYCHIC CLUB
WATCHWORD

"I MANIFEST
LIFE, HEALTH,
ENERGY, GROWTH
AND POWER."

EDITED BY SYDNEY FLOWER &
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE COLONNADES, VINCENT'S AVENUE

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

The great proprietary medicine concerns of America have made millions for their owners. The money was made by supplying **THE FANCIED NEEDS** of the sick. I offer you an opportunity to share in the money to be made by supplying

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(TEAR OFF AND FILL IN.)

GOOD FOR JUNE 1902 ONLY.

SYDNEY FLOWER,
THE FLOWER FOOD REMEDY COMPANY,
The Colonnades, Vincennes Ave., Chicago.

Date.....

Enclosed find \$.....for which reserve for me..... shares in The Flower Food Remedy Company at your special price of 2 cents a share as advertised in the June number of New Thought. It is fully understood that this stock is paid up and non-assessable, and that I incur no liability whatsoever in purchasing the same.

Name and address.....

New Thought.

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No. 6.

The Unseen Hand.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I HAVE felt the Unseen Hand—have been guided by it—have felt the kind but steady urge in the direction which it knew to be best, though my Intellect failed to see the beauty of the road toward which the Hand was directing me. For a time I rebelled against the impertinent interference of that which seemed to be a thing apart from me—a meddler—an unasked for helper. I had emerged from the dependent state—the state in which I thought it necessary to lean upon others. I gloried in my independence—my freedom—my ability to stand alone. Finding that it was good to stand alone—revelling in the joy of my new found freedom—rejoicing in the fact that the I AM within me was a reality—feeling within me the ecstasy that comes from the recognition of the reality of Individuality—I resented any interference from outside. But the pressure of the hand was still there—it would take my unwilling fingers within its own and lead me on—and lead me on.

Finding that I could not get rid of this unseen helper—realizing that it was intent upon guiding me in spite of my repeated assertions that I was able to take care of myself—that I was big enough to walk alone—I began to study the Something that was so determined to take an active part in the affairs of my life—I started in to become acquainted with it.

I found that it had always been with me more or less, but that I had not before recognized its presence. So long as I felt that I was not able to stand erect upon my feet—so long as I feared—so long as I failed to recognize the I AM—I was scarcely aware of this invisible helper. But when I began to realize what I was—what was my place in the Universal order of things—what were my possibilities—my future—the presence of this unseen hand began to be manifest. When I at length threw off the last fetter that had bound me—when I threw back my shoulders and drew my first free breath—when I shouted aloud with joy at my freedom and strength—

when I realized the power that was within me and at my command—when I started out to accomplish that which my awakened mind told me was possible of attainment—when I started to do all these things *all by myself*—then I felt for the first time the firm-clasp of the unseen hand.

Now gently guiding—now leading—now kindly restraining—now giving a gentle urge toward people, things and conditions—now drawing me back from the edge of a precipice—now directing toward a better path—now giving me a gentle, firm pressure to reassure me of its presence when I doubted—now allowing me to rest my weight upon it when I felt tired—always there.

At times this hand has placed before me conditions that seemed to me to be anything but good. At times it has brought me pain. But I have learned to trust it—have learned to trust it. The conditions that have seemed to me to be undesirable have brought me to desirable things. The pain that I have suffered has brought me pleasure. The experiences that have come to me I would not wish to part with—the more pain, the more experience; the more experience, the more knowledge.

I have learned to love this hand. And the owner of the hand seems to feel and return this love, and now and then, by a sympathetic little clasp, lets me know that I am understood. This hand sometimes seems to be that of a Father—strong and firm—leading on with a confident air. Again it seems to be that of a Mother—gentle and kind—leading me as does the mother lead her child. Again it seems as the hand of a woman who loves me—clinging and warm—neither leading nor being led—just moving on clasped in mine—no words—but with a perfect understanding. The owner of this hand seems to combine within itself the qualities of both sexes—seems to have within itself all the attributes of Father, Mother, Lover, Brother, Sister. It seems to respond to the human need, in every direction. It seems always the hand of Love—even while giving me pain.

I have never seen the face of the owner of this hand. I have never looked into its eyes. I have never seen its form, if form it has. But I have been

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conscious, at times, of being lifted up in its arms and being pressed close to its breast. I have felt the impulse of the child, at such times, and have felt for the breast of the mother, and have been conscious of the answering mother pressure as I was drawn up close to the body of the owner of the hand. And, at times, have I felt rebellious at the confining clasp, and have struggled and have even beat against the breast with my puny fists as I insisted that I be released from the clasping arms. But, mother-like, the owner of the hand only drew me closer to the breast until I could feel the very heart-throbs within the mother-body—could feel the vibrations emanating from its life—could feel the warm breath upon my cheek as the invisible face bent over me impelled by the mother love.

Again, it takes on the father-form, and I place my little hand within it, and feeling like the boy whose father is taking him on a journey, I say "Lead Thou me on," and go cheerfully and with faith into new lands—new surroundings—new fields. Why should I fear, have I not hold of my father's hand. And the hand at such times, rests upon my shoulder, every once in a while, and I realize that the father feels a pride in his son, and sees him growing in strength and knowing—that the father looks forward to a time when he will be able to talk with the boy who will then have grown in knowledge, and will be able to understand some of the secrets of Life that the father will then unfold to him.

And, still again, the hand is that of the loving woman who is walking along the path of Life with a man she loves. It is a tender clasp—the fingers tingle with love—the arm presses close to mine. I hear no voice—no words are needed—soul talks to soul in the silence. We walk on and on and on. We understand.

And, still again, the hand seems that of a brother—a twin brother. Neither the protection of the father—the loving tenderness of the mother—the thrill of the lover's touch—is there. I feel not that the hand is that of a stronger being—I am conscious only of the brotherly clasp—the touch of comradeship—the presence of an equal. I feel by my side a helper—someone who will back me up in time of need. And I stroll along by his side, and laugh with joy. The joy of the boy is again mine. The Joy of companionship is again mine. And, lo the hand of the brother seems to grow—he and I are again men. And something in his hand-clasp seems to say to me "Come, brother, let us go forth into the unknown future. Let us have Faith. There are lands awaiting our coming. Let us enjoy them. Let us ex-

plore them. Let us be filled with the spirit of adventure, and go forth. Let us see—let us feel—let us know." And I return the clasp, and say "Aye, brother, let us go forth. Whither thou goest, there will I go. Thy joys shall be my joy—thy pain my pain. Let us go forth—let us go forth to the Divine Adventure."

And, so, manifesting the attributes of all human relations, in turn, and at the proper time, the owner of this unseen hand is near me. I feel his presence—I am aware of his nearness. At times, faith grows faint, and I think it all a delusion—a phantasm—a dream. All seems lost, and I weep. But, lo! in the midst of my despair, I feel the hand upon my head—I know that it is a reality and, through my tears, I smile.

Shall I ever know the owner of this hand? Shall I ever see its face? Shall I ever understand the mystery of its existence? I know not. But faith whispers in my ear "Wait! All is well! When the pupil is ready the Master appears. When your eyes have a clear vision and can bear the sight, then shall you see the Face of the owner of the hand. You have entered the Path, and there is no turning back. Go on—go on in Faith, Courage and Confidence. Why should you doubt—have you not felt the pressure of The Hand?"

Aye, why should I doubt or question? Have I not felt the pressure of the Unseen Hand? Open your hands, friends, that the Hand may clasp yours as it has mine. While your hand is clenched in Anger and Hate—while it clutches tight the gold it has snatched from the hand of another—while the fingers are drawn together with Fear—it cannot receive the Unseen Hand. Open it wide—reach it out—offer it in friendly clasp—and you will feel within it the touch of that which you seek.

The Unseen Hand is waiting to clasp yours, Give it welcome—give it welcome.

Transfiguration.

The sight of great truths and devotion to great causes transfigure our friendship and our life. Friendship is only a habit of being together; love is only a fire of straw, flaring and falling away in a moment, unless its soul is some generous aim, some noble inspiration.—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The Work of the Spirit.

Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion which belongs to it, in appropriate events.—Emerson.

The Infinite Store-House.*

BY NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

LESSON SIX.

MIND is the Universal Store-house of the world. The reason we cannot draw from it all we want is simply because we do not know how. Mind contains the substance of all things visible. All things come from this Store-house and all things return to it.

The subjective mind is the creative power in man and draws from this Store-house what it wills and what it desires. All the intellectual knowledge of the ages cannot give this drawing power. The knowledge must come from the inner self.

There is surrounding us an ether-like substance, in which we live—just as a fish exists in water. It is the element of life—Thought—with which this Store-house is filled. Call it what we will, whatever name best suits, it is a living principle, the substance of which life is formed. The form it takes depends upon man's recognition of the power within him. Man does not produce ideas. He draws them from the Universal Store-house. We hear of a book filled with what is claimed to be something new. But we know it is new only so far as that individual has been the first to bring it into form and through having been the first to give the thought expression. It belongs to him no more than to another, save that he first gathered it into form. This Store-house is Universal and belongs to no one individual. Man is capable of drawing from it through mental force and the power of a cultivated WILL. It is the Soul of the world called by many the Great Over-soul. It is the primal substance from which all worlds are made.

There is a visible and an invisible workshop. The visible workshop is man's body and environment; the bank where he places his funds; the larder where he keeps his food; all these constitute the visible and tangible workshop. But the invisible workshop is man's imagination. Imagination is the sun in the mind of man! Visible and tangible forms grow into existence from invisible elements by the power of the sunshine. The inner sun of man may work similar wonders. The world is the result of the imaging of Divine Mind. Imagination is the subjective power in man and acts upon the invisible substance of Mind; it may act without any

conscious effort of the WILL or it may be ruled consciously, bringing forth from the Universal Store-house whatsoever it most desires; for the imagination springs from desire. He who images fear, passion, or inharmony, will realize the same; while he who images health, harmony, or happiness, will surely have them realized. The imagination need not be allowed to run riot, but we may grasp and rule it by thought. An exalted imagination lifts the soul into greatness and into the bringing forth of all its possibilities. Mind is the Master of the imagination. The imagination is only the tool of Mind.

When the student desires to have the ideal expressed he must first imagine in his own mind the picture of that ideal. The pattern of his desire must be drawn in his mind before it can be manifested through the channel of thought. When a man desires to build a house he pictures it in his mind. If the mental design be not clear and defined he cannot transfer it architecturally. It will be builded in a haphazard manner and when he moves into it he will find it not to his liking, neither conveniently arranged nor comfortable. Every detail must be worked out according to rule and in exact proportion to every other detail. When once the ideal is pictured, hold the picture in the mind until so complete, it must image itself forth in its own likeness. Never waver nor mar the picture by doubt or lack of faith that it will not manifest as desired. Remember the words of the apostle: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." Realize that mind is the only source of supply, now that it is filled with the love-substance whence all things come and all things return. Never take your eyes off the eternal supply; let every other source fade from your sight and your faith will be honored by a manifestation far beyond your ideal picture. This Divine Store-house is our sufficiency in all things and will manifest and materialize itself as such if we but trustfully expect it.

When we desire to draw from the bank a sum of money we do not approach the cashier hesitatingly or with the idea that he will refuse that which he is holding in trust. But we walk in confidently, write our check, hand it to the cashier and expect to get what we ask for. Now, this is the way we are to write our checks on the Invisible Banker. The Father has promised us all things. When we know this Father is also our Banker and is waiting for us to approach Him in love and trust, our checks will be honored, our houses will be builded and we will see ourselves as perfect types of health; affluent and happy!

There is but one God and Father of

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all, who is above all, through all and in all. If this be true everything else but God or the Good must be excluded, for where all is filled with this Presence there is no room for anything else.

The power of bringing into visibility that which is invisible must be accomplished by using the thought and imagination, backed by faith and love. This is done by the recognition that there is but One—the only Mind, Intelligence and Power! The far-reaching mind and subtle imagination link us to this Infinite Store-house!

Dusting the Mind.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

THE mind needs continual dusting like any other piece of furniture. Auto-suggestion, affirmation oft repeated, is the dustcloth. To keep your mind bright, clean and presentable use the dustcloth continually. And the more frequently you use it, the less time you need spend upon the work, and the more easy on yourself will be the labor. A good housekeeper never lets her room get dirty. She dusts often. The labor is light, and so light that it is nothing but a pleasure to her. She goes about with a dustcloth in her hand giving a touch here and there and the result is neatness and polish everywhere. A bad housekeeper lets her room go for a week; then she has a grand clean up, and works like a Trojan. She feels that it is work and it tires her to do it. The good housekeeper feels that it is play. Sooner or later the bad housekeeper gets weary of even the weekly clean up and lets the work go for two weeks or a month. About the only thing that will then clean up her room is the garden-hose freely used.

The mental has always its counterpart in the material. The metaphor of the room and its cleaning is applicable to the mind and its cleaning.

About the only thing that will cleanse an untidy mind is a revival meeting; the garden-hose of religion.

The average churchgoer tidies up his mind on Sundays.

The NEW THOUGHT reader will find it good policy to use the duster all the time.

The Message.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.

—Emerson.

The Inner Self.*

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

AMIDST the myriad fantasies, the scattered beauties and the innumerable voices of nature, humanity is ever in search for the permanent type of beauty, for the most perfect harmony and the richest blending of colors, to enshrine in the heart as the eternal ideal.

Art is an effort to call forth the subjective images and make them material, to express the silent music which the heart feels, and to mold the plastic substance of the objective world into forms which symbolize the exalted thoughts that illumine the inner recesses of mind.

The efforts of some men take the form of words, and language becomes the medium for the utterance of thought. Others endeavor to express their ideas on canvas or marble; others pour out their feelings in music, and others, groping among shadows in their search for the unknown, become silent and meditative, and are swayed by an influence which changes the line of their destiny.

Silence is the golden key which unlocks the hidden treasures of the mind, and concentration is the energy which enables one to give expression to the things revealed. The artist paints on canvas the images that are flashed from realms of beauty, and reproduces with a dextrous hand the visions imaged forth from the inner chambers of the mind. The orator, with the power of eloquence which he commands, sways the passion of the multitude, as he now arouses them to fury, now subdues them into calmness; as he incites to war or melts to love. The poet interprets the melodious sounds of nature and reveals, by the linked harmony of words, the passionate longings of the heart. The musician thrills one with the feeling of joy, until all things which engender and foster discord are submerged by the flowing waves of harmony and good will. Music, with magic power, lulls to rest the troubled mind and evokes from the depths of being the sacred attributes of truth and virtue. But the influence of poetry, of eloquence and of song, the sweet strains which leave their impress on the mind and all the beauties of art which captivate the eye, produce only spasmodic inspirations which leave a void in the heart when the reaction comes. While he who lives close to nature's heart and feels an affinity with the invisible presence which weaves from the elements the myriad forms that pass

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in review before him, he who looks upon these countless manifestations as the reflected images of the subjective universe within himself, and who, in the deep silence and solitude of meditation, communes with the crystal thoughts which have been cherished by the master minds of every age—he who thus lives, is more able to cope with the vicissitudes of environment and to reap the most bountiful harvest from life's experiences. He who sinks his thoughts down to the center of contemplation within the mystic depths of his own being, he who studies the realities and beauties of his own mind and becomes acquainted with the feelings and desires, the hopes and longing of his own heart, being earnest and sincere in his search, will extract the sweetest honey from every flower of experience.

Turn the introspective eye and in silent thoughtfulness contemplate the wonders of the supreme and invisible self. Life, with its center of rest in the heart's sanctuary, flows forth with enkindling power through every nerve, beams through the eye, and gives magnetic tone to the voice. Personal and self-conscious life, how marvelous and inestimable its power! It seems the universe, yet remains forever invisible to itself; centered within the body, it penetrates the deep realms of infinity and moves with a velocity that annihilates space. Itself formless, it fills the firmament of mind with the images of its own creating. Itself unheard, it catches the faintest sound from the external world. Clothed and reclothed by the innumerable atoms which move unceasingly with the restless stream of change, the mysterious self remains invisibly enthroned, undisturbed by the mutations of time.

The primal element which sustains us is an unfathomable ocean of mind and life, and embraces everything that is. The indwelling life, the indivisible part of us—the ego, the I, or the self—acting through the brain and ganglionic centers, controls and inspires the body, and shapes and renews it like the potter who molds the clay. The body is plastic and negative to the mind; and the mind manifests its power over the body in an ever-increasing degree as we advance towards perfection.

Who has not heard in the depths of his being the whisper of loftiest instincts, and felt the influence of a resistless power surge up from the mysterious gulf within. They who have dwelt in the silence, they who have dived down to explore the undercurrents of life, have brought a few secret jewels from the treasure of truth to the surface. But they who have gone down deepest have touched only the shoals of the hidden life, and they alone know how unfathom-

able is the sea of infinity on which humanity reposes.

Call it what we will—intuition, intellect, the soul; conscience, wisdom, or the dictates of reason—words fail to describe its qualities; no language can define its attributes. There is nevertheless a power that is felt by all at times, and is never absent from the heart where hope dwells. Where pure life glows, where reason's torch burns brightest, where truth has its home and love its shrine, there the invisible presence abides; and no harm will come to those who walk in the shadow of its radiance; no fatality can lurk in their hearts, no misfortune attend their destiny; for the rays of this light will penetrate and purify the mind and heart, and its hidden fire will consume all dross.

Invoke the light and bask in the rays of its presence. And like the needle to the pole, if the storms of affliction and the tumult of the senses cause the desires and the will to swerve from this center of truth and goodness, of love and light, swing back again, after the clouds have vanished, and let it lead safely to the haven of rest and gladness.

Osteopathy.

Victoria, B. C., May 1, 1902.

The Columbia College of Osteopathy,
S. Snyder, Secretary.

Dear Sir:—Thought it just as well to delay letter until first of this month, and now send all together.

The case of the little girl which I wrote to you about, is, I am pleased to say, quite cured, and she is perfectly well, greatly to the astonishment of two doctors (who don't like it a little bit). But one doctor has given me another case in which they own their inability to do anything—seems more like a cataleptic state than anything else, but if it is possible for "Osteopathy" to do anything for it I'll do it. Also have another case, a woman; have been treating her a week and she confesses to never having been so well for months, so you see I'm doing splendidly—in fact, will get more than I can do soon. By the above you can see that I have entered into it in downright earnest and I will have no failures. I must apologize for taking up so much of your valuable time; thought that it might interest you to hear how remarkably well I was doing.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. MARIE NIXON.

1 Phoenix Place.

Universal Need.

For neither didst thou choose thine own time to come into existence; but when the Universe had need of thee.—
Epictetus.

"Let a Little Sunshine In."*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

THE other night, just as I was dropping off to sleep, a crowd of young people passed along, returning from some social gathering. They were bubbling over with mirth and joy, and every girl seemed to be talking at the same time, the voices of the young men serving merely to punctuate the sentences of their fair companions. Just after they passed my window, some one started up a song, and the rest joined in. I do not know the song they sang, but the chorus went something like this:

"Let a little sunshine in;
Let a little sunshine in;
Open wide the windows,
Open wide the doors,
And let a little sunshine in."

I listened with pleasure to the words and cheerful air of the song, and said to myself: "Well that's good enough 'New Thought' doctrine for me."

The young people went on their way singing. I, now wide awake, listened and thought. The song grew fainter and fainter as the distance between us grew greater, and at last I could not clearly distinguish the words they sang, but the faint vibrations of the tune still reached me, and I imagined that I could just hear the last words of the refrain:

"Let a little Sunshine in."

Oh, if only those young people—and all young people—and all people young or old—would take to their hearts these words, and "let a little sunshine in." It is not sufficient that you merely agree that the advice is good—that you merely repeat the words mechanically—you must make thought take form in action, and not only say the words—not only think them—but you must ACT them. Make them a part of your life—incorporate the idea in your being—train yourself into the habit of opening yourself to the sunshine of Life—get into the way of letting it flow in.

"Let a little Sunshine in."

There is plenty of sunshine in life, if you only look for it. And there is plenty of shadow in life, if you only look for it. But in the things that seem all shadow to others, you will be able to find the sunshine if you but train yourself to always look for it. And in that which may seem bright sunshine to some, others will find nothing but shade—they are

troubled with a mental cataract that shuts out all the rays of the sunshine of life.

"Let a little Sunshine in."

And when you learn to love the sunshine and look forward to seeing it always, you seem to draw it to you. The Law of Attraction brings to you your share of the sunshine with which the world is plentifully supplied. And, if you fall into the habit of looking for and expecting the shadow, the shadow will always be found.

"Let a little Sunshine in."

It is astonishing what a change the Mental Attitude of the person will make. Change your Mental Attitude, and the whole world seems to change. It is like taking off the smoked glasses that have caused the world to seem dark and gloomy, and seeing the brightness and colors of the world.

"Let a little Sunshine in."

Many of you have been making dark dungeons of your minds. You have steadily shut out the sun, and your minds have become musty, damp and mildewed. Across the floor crawl noxious creatures. The slimy form of Fear drags itself slowly along, leaving its track behind; the hideous shape of Jealousy eyes you from one corner—a creature of darkness; the venomous reptile Hate shows its fangs; the vampire Worry flits across the chamber. Fearful shapes are there glowering in the darkness—frightful forms crouch in corners and recesses. All is gloom, darkness, horror. A fit breeding place for the foul creatures who fear the light—a fit nursery for monsters. Look within the dark chamber of your mind—see what it really is—see what it generates. Look, within—look within. Ah, you see at last. No wonder you shriek with terror—no wonder you turn away with horror. No, no, do not turn away—look and see yourself as you are. You need the lesson. Now that you see what you have been carrying around with you, and are sickened at the sight, start to work to remedy the evil. Throw wide open the doors; throw open the windows of the soul.

"Let a little Sunshine in."

Ah, yes, never fear, there is plenty of sunshine in the Universe. Plenty for all of you. There is an infinite supply. Draw it to you. Take it freely. It is there for you. It is your own—your very own. It is as free as air and the material sunshine. There is no tariff on it. It is not controlled by any trust or combine. It is not adulterated. It is everywhere, everywhere. Ho! ye who are dwelling in darkness! Here is Life

and Happiness for you! Here is Peace for you! Here is Joy for you! Joy, comrades, Joy! Open wide your windows; open wide your doors.

"Let a little Sunshine in."

Yes, yes! I hear you say that you cannot dispel the gloom with which you are surrounded. Nonsense. Do you not know that darkness is not a positive thing—it is the essence of negation. It is not a real thing at all—it is merely the absence of light. And here you have been for all these years, believing that the darkness was a real thing that you could not get rid of. Just stop for a moment and think. If a room in your house is dark and gloomy, do you hire a man to shovel out the darkness—do you attempt to do it yourself in your desire for light? No, no, of course you do not. You just raise the shades, and throw open the shutters and the sunshine pours in and lo! the darkness has vanished. So it is with the gloom of the soul, the darkness of the mind. It is a waste of energy to attempt to dig away the darkness—to cast out the shadows. You'll never get light in that way. All that you need to do is to recognize the advantage of light—the fact that light is to be had—that there is plenty of it anxiously waiting to be let in. Then all that you need to do is to

"Let a little sunshine in;
Let a little sunshine in;
Open wide the windows,
Open wide the doors,
And let a little sunshine in."

Mesmerism in India.

WE have in press a very valuable book called "Mesmerism in India." It is valuable in the double sense that it has been for the past ten years an almost unprocurable work at any price, and that its subject-matter forms the only authoritative account by a surgeon of a number of major operations performed during the induced trance-state without pain. This book was written by James Esdaile, M. D., an English Army Surgeon stationed in India, and forms a faithful record of what he himself accomplished by what was then known as Mesmerism. I am particularly anxious that everyone interested in the New Thought and Mental Science shall read this book, because he cannot help finding in it a thorough corroboration of the claims we make regarding the power of the Mind over the body. It matters nothing to me that Dr. Esdaile employed Mesmerism, and the insensibility of nat-

ural coma to produce his anesthesia. I can only see in Hypnotism or Mesmerism a means whereby the closing of the conscious mind's perceptions can be accomplished, and I know that with the perfect faith of knowledge just this same degree of control can be attained by the patient himself without any operator or physician. I have maintained this point for ten years, more or less, but I confess I have not found anyone yet who had reached that state of perfect faith in which he could say to his body, "Be dead to pain," and it was done, any where, at any time. It would work sometimes. Howbeit, I know that it is but a question of time before men shall have developed this power in themselves over pain and disease. We are learning, as never before, how to control thought. We are learning to make our thoughts obey—and this is what Dr. Esdaile did in a nutshell. He controlled the thought of his patient. When you read his book I want you to carry in your mind what I have said, namely, that in these pages, stripped of the natural enthusiasm of one who is uncovering wonders for the first time, there is hidden the certain assurance of what can be done by auto-suggestion while the individual is in full possession of his faculties. It must be with us a matter of faith in ourselves before we can fully accomplish, and a matter of training the thought to obey. I have not altered a word or a phrase of Dr. Esdaile's work. The original is much too precious to tamper with. Although certain of the cases treated are more particularly for the consideration of the physician the lay-reader cannot fail to be benefited by their careful study. The price of the book, which will be issued about the middle of June, or a little earlier, will be \$2.00, but we are making an offer of one copy at 50 cents to advance buyers. This will be a large cloth book, bound in heavy boards, and 50 cents only covers cost. There is no reason why you should not each own a copy at this price, and it is just for this purpose that this price is offered you. Every one needs this book for study. You will find further particulars in a half-page advertisement in this number.

The Law of Love.

It is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into Friendship through the door of Discipleship. We can learn love through service.—HUGH BLACK.

Braidism in the Treatment of Diseases.*

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF JAMES BRAID.

[This series of extracts from James Braid's Note-Book was begun in the December number of this magazine, and will continue each month throughout the year. Mr. Braid's method was given in full in the December number, copies of which we have always on hand.]

CASE XXVIII. I shall conclude the subject of paralysis with the following most interesting case. The subject of it was Miss Atkinson, a middle-aged and very intelligent lady, and I shall give the case as recorded by herself in a letter she was so obliging as to furnish me with for the purpose of publication in this work.

Letter from Miss E. Atkinson
(Of the Priory, Lincoln.)

"Musley Arms, Manchester,
"Monday, 4th July, 1842.

"Dear Sir: I have very great pleasure in furnishing you with a statement of my case. I beg you will make whatever use of it you think proper, and most sincerely do I wish that it may lead others suffering from disorders of the nerves, to seek relief from the same source, and with the same success.

"In January, 1838, I was attacked with cold and influenza, accompanied by a violent cough. On the 29th of this month, ten or twelve days after the first attack, without any previous warning, my voice left me instantaneously, and I could not utter a sound louder than the faintest whisper. For three weeks I had no medical advice, hoping daily, from my ignorance of the nature of the complaint, that my voice would return; but being disappointed and feeling my health and strength declining, I consulted Mr. Howitt, an experienced and eminent surgeon in Lincoln, who immediately requested I would confine myself at my own lodging-room, which was to be kept at a regular temperature. He prescribed such medicines as my case required, and ordered blisters to my throat and chest, which were kept open, until I became so completely debilitated that it was considered necessary to discontinue them. Towards the latter end of April my health was considerably improved, and I was allowed to leave my room, though my voice was still a feeble whisper. Shortly afterwards, I paid a visit to a sister, York, whose family surgeon, Mr. Williams, a man of extensive

prescribed for me, and took great interest in my case. Soon after my return to Lincoln, I consulted Mr. Joseph Swan, 6 Tavistock Square, London, who entirely approved of the treatment I had undergone, and prescribed such additional remedies and medicines as he thought would be beneficial. Since then he has continued to visit me whenever he has been in the country. Galvanism has been tried without producing any effect; electro-magnetism also, by a scientific friend (not a medical man). I have frequently conversed with several other professional gentlemen, who have also taken a great interest in my case. They all agree in opinion that the attack was paralysis of the organs of voice, without disease; and that the treatment I have undergone has been most judicious; in fact, that everything has been done for me the medical profession could suggest. Every one of them has told me that when my health and strength returned, there was every reason to believe I should recover my voice. I remained in a very weak and delicate state for some time, but have now been in perfect health for more than twelve months, yet without having the power of speaking above a whisper.

"I considered the recovery of my voice hopeless, until hearing of the many cures you had performed by Braidism. I was induced to state my case to you, and request your opinion as to the probability of this system benefiting me. Your reply was, 'It, as seems to be the opinion of most of the professional gentlemen consulted, your loss of voice, owing to exhaustion of the energy of the vocal nerves, and to the destructive of any permanent consideration my mode of operation to be very speedily successful. On the other hand, if there is a permanent destruction of the nervous system, or a permanent loss of continuity of the nerves, it will be of no material benefit. However, I positively know that the extraordinary cases you are now treating are such as to enable me to state that you are in a state to service me, and I have decided to try you.'

continued to operate on me until now. Monday morning (4th July), and my voice is fully restored to its original strength, with the power to vary its tone at will. Thus have you given me the power to make myself understood by those to whom I address myself, of which I had been deprived for the last four and a half years. I have not suffered the slightest pain or inconvenience while submitting to the operations, nor any unpleasant effects afterwards; neither did I ever once lose consciousness of all that was passing around me.

"With heartfelt humble thanks to our Heavenly Father for this and every blessing, particularly for the hitherto un-known power bestowed on man; and with deep gratitude to you for your kind and attentive care while so skillfully and successfully using this power for the restoration of my voice, I beg you to believe me, dear sir, your very respectfully, and greatly obliged,

"ELIZABETH ATKINSON."

It is but justice to the professional gentlemen who had been consulted in this case prior to application being made to me, to say, that I consider they had treated the case most judiciously, according to our previous experience in such cases; and it must be interesting to them to find that in this agency our art has acquired a new and efficient resource for such cases.

This case is interesting in many points of view. The circumstance of the patient having been operated on twice each day successively, that is, eight times, without any visible improvement—but I had been told before and after each operation—and being able to speak aloud without effort, on being caused from the induced condition on the fifth day, is sufficient proof that the improvement was not the effect of imagination, but of the physical condition induced by carrying the operation farther. Any effect to have been anticipated from mere mental emotion, we should have expected to have been greater at first, and to have become less and less as the party became familiar with such operations. Here, however, it was quite the reverse. I found, on testing the patient on the 2nd of July, immediately before being operated on, that no improvement had been effected from the former operations (she had been operated on eight times), and therefore resolved to carry it farther that time; and the result was, as noted above, that on being caused she spoke aloud without effort. It is also important, as corroborating the statement of many others who have been cured of various obstinate complaints by Brainism, that they all bear quite distinctly, and retained consciousness the whole time, of all that was going on around them. In some

cases, however, it is necessary to carry it to the ulterior stage, or that of insensibility.

On the 19th of October, 1842, I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Miss E. Atkinson, from which I make the following extract, in proof of the permanency of the cure. "You will be glad to hear that I have retained my voice without any intermission, since I left you. The only difference is, that it has become stronger; and my health is in every respect perfectly good." I had also the pleasure of hearing from a friend a few days ago, that she still continues well, and it is now nine months and a half since her voice was restored.

I doubt not there may be some who, on reading the cases I have recorded in this treatise, will be disposed to appeal to the well-known fact, that various complaints have been suddenly cured by mere mental emotion, hoping thus to show discredit on the curative powers of Brainism. While I grant the premises, I deny the justness of the inference. That I may meet the subject fairly, I shall now quote some of the most remarkable cases of the sort which have been recorded. "Dr. Gregory was accustomed to relate the case of a naval officer, who had been for some time laid up in his cabin, and entirely unable to move, from a violent attack of gout, when notice was brought to him that the vessel was on fire; in a few minutes he was on deck, and the most active man in the ship. Cases of a still more astonishing kind are on record. A woman, mentioned by Diemerbroeck, who had been many years paralytic, recovered the use of her limbs when she was very much terrified during a thunder-storm, and was making violent efforts to escape from a chamber in which she had been left alone. A man, affected in the same manner, recovered as suddenly when his house was on fire; and another, who had been ill for six years, recovered the use of his paralytic limbs during a violent paroxysm of anger." (Abercrombie On the Intellectual Powers, pp. 228-9.)

To these might have been added the influence of the sight of a tooth key or forceps, or even the approach to the house of a dentist, in curing toothache.

Now, what are the legitimate conclusions to be drawn from the history of such cases? Is it not simply this, that such results are possible, and that they can be effected by different means? Now as it is apparent that analogous results can be induced by Brainism, I would not is Brainism not quite so convenient and desirable a remedy as setting a ship on fire, raising a thunder-storm, converting the patient's house into a bonfire, or ex-

citing him into "a violent paroxysm of anger?"

Again, of those who talk so much about the power of imagination, I would ask, what is it? How does imagination act to produce such extraordinary and contradictory results? For example, the mental emotions of joy and sorrow, love and hatred, fear and courage, benevolence and anger, may all arise either from real, or from imaginary causes only, and may seriously effect the physical frame. In many instances these different and opposite emotions have proved almost instantly fatal; in other instances equally sensitive. How is this achieved? Are not the whole of the emotions accompanied by remarkable physical changes, in respect to the respiration and circulation as well as sensation? Are they not highly excited in one class, and depressed in the other? And may not this act as the proximate cause in effecting the permanently beneficial results during Braidism? As already explained, analogous physical results can be produced by Braidism; and it is no valid reason why we should not profit by it in the treatment of disease, that we cannot positively decide as to its *modus operandi*. It seems quite evident that we have acquired, in my method, a more ready and certain control over the physical manifestations referred to, and which can be turned to useful purposes, than by any mode of acting on the imagination only, which has hitherto been devised.

(To be continued).

An Experiment and a Problem*

By OWEN H. BOTT, CALGARY, ALTA,
CANADA.

AN interesting little instrument has been described in the "Pall Mall Magazine," by Mr. Legge. It may be described as an indicator, made of card, or other material hereafter described, and delicately poised upon a needle point; the whole is enclosed in a glass cylinder.

This indicator is sensitive to some power or force which is given off or surrounds the human body, and in some cases will revolve rapidly when the hand is held towards it.

Dr. Buraduc of Paris, explains this phenomena as caused by an expenditure of vital force. Dr. Joire is of the opinion that nervous force is the cause which produces the motion, while Mr. Legge now declares that it is human electricity. It appears to me that these gentlemen

are merely juggling with terms. Dr. Loeb has shown that vital force, nervous force and electrical human force are synonymous terms. All the investigators of this instrument agree that it is a force emanating from the body, and have endeavored to so perfect their particular variety of the instrument as to measure the strength of the force in different persons, with a view to a diagnosis of physical health. As far as I know, however, none of these experimenters have endeavored to control and direct this force. In the beginning, it appears to me more important to control a force, and this method, if successful, is much more likely to help us trace its origin. With this end in view I have constructed a modification of this instrument described by Mr. Legge and after many experiments have concluded that, whatever the force is, it may be controlled and directed by thought without extending the hands towards the instrument. My experiments have succeeded time after time, and with such certainty of direction, that I am satisfied that thought-force can control the movement of this delicately poised indicator—I do not wish to be misunderstood—I have not discovered the laws governing the *absolute* control of the movements. What I have done is this: by an effort of thought, directed at one end of the indicator I have set it revolving against me, then when well started, quickly changing my attention and gazing to the other point I have reversed the motion, and at a single experiment I have repeated this three times for each point. After prolonged effort I lost control.

If the indicator points toward me, I can sometimes stop it but rarely move it in the direction I wish. I am at a loss to account for this but think it must be due to expenditure of the force, because after a rest I can repeat successfully the experiment. Distance has little effect in the result, the effect at six feet being nearly equal to that at six inches.

Mr. Legge states that, if a flat card or piece of glass is placed over the top of the cylinder all motion is stopped and cannot again be started. In my experiments I have found that with a card covering I can move the indicator, the motion being, however, much slower.

Any one can construct in a few minutes one of these instruments and prove for himself the facts of the case. I have noticed three points in my own experiments which may be a guide to others, first my power to influence and direct the indicator is greater after a brief fast, being almost nil after a full meal; second, a deep inspiration assists wonderfully in arresting the motion; third, sit at right angles to the indicator, that is, with points to left and right of body.

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Below I give a description, with direction for the making of a modification of the instrument referred to.

Take three cubes of cork (or pith answers better) whose sides measure about an eighth of an inch. Then cut two twigs from an ordinary grass broom about two inches long, and two other pieces about an inch and a half. Into one of the cubes of cork insert the two pieces of broom which measure two inches, on opposite sides. Break off about a quarter of an inch of a needle with a pair of flat pliers, and push through the center of the cork until the point protrudes about one-sixteenth of an inch or rather more, this forms the pivot upon which the indicator is poised. Place the other cubes of cork upon the end of broom twigs. Now to get a good balance the shorter pieces of broom twigs are inserted in the end corks hanging down in the same direction as the needle points. Place this upon the bottom of an inverted ordinary medicine tumbler, and if a perfect balance is not at once obtained it may be got by snipping little pieces from the hanging portion of the heavy end. To avoid draughts and currents of air cover the apparatus with a large Rochester lamp chimney (from which several inches may be cut). The apparatus is now complete and ready for experiments. To make plain the text I append a sketch of the finished instrument.



Whatever theory I may have on the origin of this force, I prefer to—at present—hold back.

I should be glad if those who experiment will communicate the results they attain to the editors of **NEW THOUGHT**.

To attain the best results conduct these experiments alone as the presence of others nullifies or counteracts the effects.

Money - Making and Other Things.

By SYDNEY FLOWER.

THERE is a time for work and a time for play. Our time for play comes in the form of two half-holidays in the week, namely, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Visitors to the Colonnades will favor me by remembering that our business is closed at those times.

No more stock in the Flower Health Cigar Company will be offered for sale after this month (June) is ended. We have sold all we want to and we are ready to close the subscription books to-day. However, you have this month to get in on this investment at 35 cents a share; par value \$1.00.

There are three ways of conducting this Health Cigar business. There is but one absolutely right way; and that is to shut off the stock now and push the goods. We are big enough now to buy a factory of our own—but that can wait. First, the market for the goods; then the factory. We are big enough—that's the point; it is because we are big enough that we withdraw the stock from the market after this month. We incorporate in the early part of July. Your stock certificates will be mailed you from Detroit in July.

I suppose this business-proposition has broken all traditions of business proceedings. There's my guarantee, to begin with. No one ever guaranteed to refund money to stocktakers in a new business before—but I'm satisfied to do it, and my guarantee is as good as the bank. Then there is this amazing fact that the subscriptions for stock have been so adequate to the offerings that we withdraw the stock from the market before the company is incorporated. It beats everything.

I don't love money. It matters nothing to me who takes it so I may be permitted to make it. Some of you have wrong ideas concerning the New Thought, I notice. You write me that a mercenary spirit is creeping into our pages. Not at all. I am only showing you that the New Thought is practical. It is the means of bringing me what I want. I want money—here it is—barrels of it. I am telling you all the time that the New Thought will do for you what it is doing for me. You can have your desire. The New Thought would not be worth a hill of beans if it could not bring me what I demand. But its principles are true. Think money—as

sume money—believe money—you'll draw it to you. Think love—assume love—believe love—it's yours. Think health—assume health—believe health—you'll have it. Think happiness—assume happiness—believe happiness—you'll find it. Read it any way, every way, backwards and forwards, it's true. Hope, Health, Happiness, Wealth, Success, Love—they come by Thinking. Hate, Disease, Sorrow, Failure, Disappointment—they must be Thought before they can exist, they must be held in Thought if they continue to exist. The choice is yours. Your thoughts are your own.

There are days at a time when I don't want Happiness. On those days I don't think or assume Happiness. And because I don't desire Happiness at that time, I don't THINK it, and because I don't think it, I don't get it. A human being is always a magnet acting upon itself. This live magnet must first charge itself with Thought, so to speak, before it is ready for service. It is self-charged a hundred times a day, and a hundred times a day it goes into active service for its owner drawing to itself from without the correspondence of itself. It is seldom charged twice alike; but its call, of whatever nature, is invariably answered consistently from without. It is like to like.

Don't confuse Anxiety with Desire. Anxiety is a compound of Desire and Fear. Desire that attains can itself be resolved into Will and Assumption, or Will and Belief in Accomplishment. There is a great difference between Anxiety and Desire proper. So great a difference that your success or failure in applying the New Thought in business hangs right on this point. Are you anxious? You'll fail. Are you content to believe that you'll get what you want? You'll win. Assumption is your key-word always. Assume in your mind that you have the thing you want. Believe it. Charge the magnet with this belief. Say you have it. Repeat it over and over to yourself. Harbor no doubt. Turn your back on self-ridicule; don't joke about it even with yourself, or you waste your force and grow weak. Dare to be serious in the face of the scientific world's smile and put no limit to your power to control circumstances. Then you'll win. Keep steady; be patient; hold your thought; don't blow hot and cold; believe in yourself, or if you can't do that in face of your own failures or the ridicule of others, just assert to yourself, repeat to yourself, the statement that *you do believe in yourself*, and by the simple law of the effect of repetition upon the brain the quality or sentiment

will grow gradually out of the repeated auto-suggestion, and become a fact. Have I made that plain enough?

Speaking of ridicule, I suppose you find it rather hard sometimes to stand up against it. Perhaps the ridicule of the world, whether it be offered in the form of good-humored raillery or savage contempt sometimes hurts you to such a degree that it shakes your faith in our teachings and inclines you to give up the whole thing and be like the rest of the world. If this be true, if you can be affected by ridicule to this degree, it means that you are leaning far too heavily upon the strength of others; you have not *found yourself*. It seems so odd to me that you can lean upon another for your comfort, peace or happiness. Suppose you wake up and stand up and learn to lean on no one. You are all there is in this life. You are all there is in the next. Can you lean upon your acquaintances in sickness, in deep grief, in death? Is it not true that in sorrow you are always alone? You are fighting for the establishment of your individuality all through this life—that's what you are made for—and yet you are eternally looking to some other man—to some other lonely stupid son of man or daughter of man—for happiness, for encouragement, for peace. You are looking without for that which springs from within. It is the most blatant idiocy I ever came in touch with.

In our esteemed Chicago Tribune, which is as nearly perfect a newspaper as you can find in the United States, there is a daily column of matter written by a whimsical scribbler by the name of Taylor. He is a good enough jester in the rough—though a little cheap for the Tribune—and he has cut a niche for himself in local newspaperdom. B. L. Taylor's column is quite popular. He has been making merry with New Thought for the last month or two and, no doubt, the Philistines have almost laughed themselves to death over his inimitable drolleries. Ridicule is usually the weapon of ignorance. It has no more force than a popgun. It makes a noise, but it has no carrying power. It is empty; always empty. Mr. B. L. T. amuses me sometimes; so do the monkeys at the park if I care to watch their antics. No movement of importance, no measure of weight, has ever been laughed away. There is only one thing in the world that can hurt New Thought and that is ADVERSE FACT. When the Philistines can bring up FACTS and set them in array against our teachings it will be time enough then to prepare for battle. At present we have all the facts and they have all the fancies. We

stand for progress while they represent stagnation. We stand for a higher manhood, for greater powers of mind and body; they stand for what they are pleased to call "common-sense." I must take issue with them on that point. If they had common-sense they would acknowledge to be true the facts wherewith they are confronted. They have not common-sense; they have the conservative intellect of the mule which dislikes to have its thought enlarged. No doubt the mule prides itself upon its common-sense, but we have another name for this quality. Trouble not yourselves on account of the ridicule of the world; your feet are on the rock. And any time I want B. L. T. or any other of his kind to make jests for me at the expense of his former employers, the Philistines, I can buy him like a bullock, hoof and hide, for a dollar bill or two. Is this the man whose wit has hurt you? Well, well. Here's a matter for laughter, sure enough. If your souls can be swayed by a paid jester, go and buy your own jester (they are not expensive), and draw encouragement from his counter-jibes. But you should be above it all. You should have peace and plenty enough in your hearts to hold all shocks of criticism and ridicule as nothing. Your tidal wave of love should swallow up all these little ripples that rise against you. Have you not hitched your wagon to a star? Then why worry about the mosquitoes?

* * *

The New Thought will not make an egotist of you. It will not make you selfish. I am quite serious in saying that there is nothing in this world but you; there is nothing in the next but you. That does not mean that you are shut off from your fellow man. You can give him love and kindness. He can give you the same. You can help him; he can help you. The more you help him, the more you will help yourself. But there is no power or force in him or in any other thing seen or unseen in this earth which can hurt you or weaken you if you dare assert yourself. Give him of your best but do not let him see for you, think for you, hold you back. The choice is yours.

The Real and Unreal.

Hath He not given thee that which is thine own unhindered and unhampered, and hindered and hampered that which is not thine own?—*Epictetus*.

Look Within.

If thou wouldst have aught of good, have it from thyself.—*Epictetus*.

The Solitude of the Soul.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

IN one of the rooms of the Art Institute, in Chicago, stands a remarkable group, by Lorado Taft, the sculptor, entitled "The Solitude of the Soul." The average visitor stops a moment and passes on, commenting on the beauty of the figures composing this group. A few hurry past, afraid to look at the figures, for they are nude—as naked as the human soul before the gaze of its Creator. (Some people are afraid of things not hidden by draperies—even the naked Truth shocks them.) But the man or woman who thinks and understands—stops long before this group, conscious that it tells the tale of a mighty truth.

Around a large rock, stand four human figures—two men and two women. They are so placed that but one figure is in full sight from any given point of view, although the connection between any figure and the two on each side of it may be seen. It is necessary to walk completely around the group to see the idea of the sculptor—to read the story that he has written into the marble.

Each figure has an individuality. Each stands alone. And yet each is in touch with the one behind, and the one before. Each one is connected with all, yet each one stands alone. One figure extends a hand to her brother just ahead of her, and on her shoulder rests the tired head of the brother following her. Hand in hand, or head on shoulder stand they, each giving to the other that human touch and contact so dear to the soul craving that companionship of one who understands.

Each face shows sorrow, pain, and longing—that longing for that complete union of soul with soul—that longing that earth-life cannot satisfy. And each feels and knows that the other has the same longing. And each gives to the other that comforting touch that says "I know—I know." Each face shows a great human love mingled with its pain. Each face shows resignation mingled with its grief. It is the old story of human love and human limitations. It is also a story of deeper import—the story of the soul.

Every lip is closed. Each man and woman is silent. And yet each understands the other. Soul is communing with soul, in the Silence. And in the Silence alone can soul converse with soul. Words cheapen the communication of soul to soul. With those who understand us well, we can best commune in Silence. Hand in hand—cheek to cheek

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—sit those who love well. The tale of love is told and re-told without a word. Words serve their purpose in conveying the commonplaces of life, but seem strangely inadequate to express the deeper utterances of the soul. The tale of love—the story of sorrow—needs no words. The soul understands the message of the soul—mind flashes the message to mind—and all is known. The fondest memory of the one whom you loved and lost, is not of moments in which he spoke even the most endearing words. The memory most sacred to you is that of some great Silence lived out with the loved one—some moment in which each soul drew aside its veil and gazed with awe into the depths of the other soul. Silence is the sanctuary of the soul. Enter it only with due reverence. Uncover the head—tread softly.

Each figure stands alone, and yet in touch with all the rest. Each is apparently separate and yet each is but a part of the whole. Each feels the frightful solitude which comes to the soul when first it recognizes what it is. And yet, in that dreadful moment each knows itself to be in touch with all of life. Each feels that intense longing for a closer soul union—a reunion of the separated parts of the whole. And yet each realizes the impossibility of the consummation of that desire at this time—and they show their grief—they place the head upon the shoulder of the other—they clasp the hand of the other—they touch the flesh of the other—all as a symbol of the desire for the union of the soul.

This group is a symbol of the oneness of life, and its apparent separateness. A picture of the in-touchness of each part of the whole, with every other part. A story of the pain of the soul in its awful solitude—of its impotent striving for at-one-ment. A representation of the communion of soul with soul, in the Silence. A tale of the comfort and joy in the presence of another human form. A message of The Brotherhood of Man. All this—and more—is in this group.

I wonder if the sculptor saw it all, or whether he chiseled better than he knew. Sometimes the Divine in man causes him to write better—paint better—cut better—than he realizes. Others see much more in his essays; stories; poems, paintings, statuary, than the maker knew was there. And the man himself, after years have past, again views his work, and wonders at the new story he reads there. He feels dazed at having portrayed truths of which he dreamt not while he worked. There are within us unexplored depths, of the existence of which we do not dream. And from these depths, now and then, rise into our consciousness beautiful thoughts—beautiful images—which we reproduce on

paper—canvas—marble. We do not understand these things, and we join with others in the feelings of wonder inspired by the sight of the reproduction of that which came from the depths of our mental being. And some, who have grown closer to the Real Self within them, see beauties in our work to which we are blind. Not until the scales fall from our eyes, do we realize the full meaning of our work.

Some call this Inspiration. But those who have pierced the veil know that it is inspiration from within, not from without. It is the voice of the Divine spark within man, whispering to the consciousness which is struggling to know better that Higher Self—a whisper of encouragement and good cheer—a portent of the future—a glimpse of the distant light—a bestowal of a few crumbs from the table of the Spirit.

I know not, I say, whether Laredo Taft, knew what he chiseled. I know not whether he is a man of deep spiritual insight. But this I do know, that this group, "The Solitude of the Soul" is the work of the Spirit within this man. And his work carries a deep spiritual message to those who are ready to receive it. And in years to come this message will be understood by thousands, for every one who receives it today. This work shall live long after its maker has forsaken the earthly body that he now uses as an instrument. It will live because it carries a message—because it conveys a mighty truth.

The Atkinson School Closed for the Summer.

Owing to the pressure of business and personal matters requiring attention, I find I cannot continue to devote all my mornings to the work of instructing students. I have enjoyed teaching, and trust that those who have attended the school have reaped some benefit; but there are too many calls upon my time to permit me to continue, and as the management leaves me free to decide the matter I prefer, though with some regret, to have the school closed for the present. My correspondence work is too heavy to permit of the encroachment of other duties; much time is necessary to get the Journal out on time each month, and to prepare the articles which I contribute to it; and I am about to write a book this summer. You will like this book better than anything I have yet written. It will cover the higher phases of the "New Thought," and will get close to the heart of things.

W. W. ATKINSON.

Work.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I frequently hear from correspondents who complain bitterly of what they term the daily round of drudgery which they are called upon to perform. They do not complain of having to do an excessive amount of work—their burden does not seem too heavy to bear—they are not wearing out their lives in a bitter struggle for bread—but they complain of the homely and prosaic nature of their tasks, imagining that their spiritual progress is thereby impeded. They consider their tasks ignoble, and fret and chafe because of the so-called lowly nature of their daily occupation, and long for "higher things." They imagine that the Spirit is bound by the fact of their work being humble and homely, and seem to doubt their ability to break their fetters.

It is not necessary to say that these people take no interest in their work—no pride in their tasks—that they lack the feeling of joy that comes from the feeling of work well performed. They are strangers to the idea that there is a pleasure in doing things—a joy in creating. They do not know that when interest is bestowed upon work it becomes "worth while." They are laboring under the old delusion that work is a curse inflicted upon mankind as a punishment for its sins. They are missing nine-tenths of the pleasure of Life. Now do not imagine that I am preaching a sermon on Content—far from it is my intention. I do not believe in Content—as the word is generally used. I would rather preach the gospel of Discontent—again using a word in my own way. Content (as generally understood) means stagnation, slavery, no progress, decay and death. Discontent (of the right kind) means progress, movement, activity, energy, Life. But there is a mighty difference between an active Discontent and the whining, complaining, faultfinding mental attitude generally known by that name. If I may be pardoned for using a paradoxical expression, I would say that the true position is to be sufficiently Contented to bear things with equanimity, and yet sufficiently Discontented to press forward to better things. But let us get back to the subject of Work.

We must assume toward Work a positive attitude, and assert our mastery. Otherwise, by allowing the negative attitude to exist, we become the slaves of our occupations. If we dread or hate the work which lies in our hands, we

thereby make that work our master—we become its slaves. If, on the contrary, we assert the Real Self, and smile in the face of the monster, it becomes our obedient servant and acknowledges our mastery. When we conquer the feeling of repugnance, the work grows less arduous and we soon begin to feel a positive pleasure in performing it. When this stage is attained, we are enabled to divert to better uses the energy formerly wasted by unnecessary friction. When the friction is eliminated, the machinery runs with much less expenditure of energy, and the surplus power may be profitably employed in clearing the path to "better things." Where there is fear, worry, hate or aversion, there is always wasted energy—lost motion.

Work is not a curse. It is the best thing that man possesses. We may doubt this at first thought, but if we will stop to analyze our feelings, we will see that we do not dislike work—that which we dislike is merely *some kind of work*. Nothing can be more pleasant than the performance of work of the kind we like, and for which we are best fitted. There's the rub. But we must not be discouraged, for we can surely bring to our hand the work we like and for which we are fitted, *if we only go about it right*. Our own will come to us if we only demand it in earnest. We will get it if we but *want it hard enough*. People get what they desire, if they desire it in earnest, and are willing to *pay the price* of its attainment. Of course if you desire a thing, but are not willing to pay the price—not willing to make the effort and the sacrifices—if you really desire other things more than the thing you say you desire—then, of course, you will not get the first thing, but will be left in possession of the things from which you are not willing to part—the things that you really desire most. Just think over this a little—it will explain some things for you.

Work is a pleasure to the properly constituted man or woman. It yields us more happiness in the long run than does anything else in life. If we would know just what work means to us, let us visit the prisons and find that there men are punished by being deprived of work. To them the work of the day is the only thing that makes life bearable. Without occupation life becomes a burden in prison or out of it. The trouble with us is that we have been making a bugaboo of work, instead of recognizing it as a blessing. Work is a part of the Law and if we are so foolish as to attempt to evade it, we will surely suffer. The whole trouble is that we let our work master us, instead of us mastering our work. Simply change

your mental point of view regarding work, and you will be surprised at the wonderful change that has come over things.

When we once come to look at work as a friend, we find unexpected pleasures in the simplest tasks; we begin to realize the joy of *doing*; we begin to put a little of ourself in the task, and experience the satisfaction of creating. Our thoughts begin to take form in action. The mental image is reproduced by the work of our hands. We become world builders on a small scale. We find that the product of our labors becomes beautiful in our sight, and we find ourselves developing, step by step, and attaining that which, but a short time ago, seemed so far beyond us.

And, after all, there is much truth in the old proverb that there is more pleasure in the pursuit than in the attainment. There is real pleasure in congenial work without regard to the reward. When a man has attained a long sought for object, he is usually discontented and bored. He misses the pleasure of the chase. His only remedy is to regard his attainment as only another round of the ladder, and to begin to climb higher. This is the Law of Progression.

And as to these humble tasks, do we not know that all work is worthy of the man who does it—provided that he does it well? The cobbler who makes a shoe—and makes it well—is as worthy in the sight of the Law as the man who paints the masterpiece, writes the poem, builds the palace. And so long as he is true to himself and his work, the Law favors him.

Now, I do not mean that the maker of the shoe should rest content if he feels that he is capable of doing "better things," but he must be sure that he does his best toward making the shoe just right before he can progress. And his discontent must not be fretting—it must consist of a strong and earnest desire to move forward, and a calm but determined effort in the desired direction. And so long as he fashions shoes, he must let each shoe bear the loving mark of the tool, and receive the caress of the hand of its creator.

The principal thing about work is to do it well. And we cannot do it well unless we put love into it. No man will ever make a success of life, unless he loves his work, be that work ever so humble. The mental attitude he manifests toward his work will make itself felt, and will attract to him just what it calls for—success or failure. A man by his thoughts (and their resulting action) calls into operation forces and influences which make or mar him. Like attracts like in the thought-world. Our

thoughts of to-day is the measure of our success to-morrow.

If we go about the work that lies to our hand, and do it the best we can—do it without fear—do it with love—do it without shame—we will find that we are on the right path. We will find that it will attract to ourselves that which we need to aid us in our progress. We will find the people, things, circumstances, opportunities waiting for us when the time arrives when we can avail ourselves of them. We will find that we are as magnets drawing to us that which we need. We will find that as the growing plant draws from the earth the material needful for its growth, so will we draw from the outside world that which we need to perfect our plans. We will find that "calm demand brings all things," providing we are ready and fit to receive them.

And with an understanding of the law, we will recognize the fact that all work is noble and good, and the only disgrace about it is the failure to do it the best we know how. We will realize that man is superior to environments and circumstances. We will realize that the I AM ennobles any work—Tolstoi at the plow is a grander figure than Tostoi the Count. We will realize that the humble task of to-day is giving us the experience needed to round out our life and fit us for the more congenial occupation of to-morrow.

And, finally, we will know that no matter what our occupation may be, we can not be hindered in our spiritual development. There are no fetters for the Ego. Dress the body in the coarsest garb—let the hands perform the humblest tasks—let the plainest food be our fare—and the I AM remains unchanged. Nothing can rob us of our birthright of the Spirit, nor cheat us of our eternal inheritance.

Good Results.

Lake Helen, Fla., April 1, 1902.
Columbia College of Osteopathy, Chicago, Ill.:

Gentlemen:—Upon receiving your Home Study Course in Osteopathy, I at once commenced to study, giving all my time and attention to it. I have treated two patients. One of my patients had been using injections to relieve constipation. After two treatments he was able to discard the injections, and after the fourth treatment he was perfectly normal and developed a good appetite. I will recommend you to all practitioners of drugless healing whom I may meet, as your teaching of anatomy and physiology is just the thing they need to know.

C. HAGEN.

A Golden Opportunity.

By SYDNEY FLOWER.

YOU have heard of the vast fortunes that have been made by patent medicine companies the world over. You cannot pick up a paper without being confronted with their huge advertisements, and this advertising costs a mint of money. Where does it come from? From the profits of the business. The proprietors are millionaires several times over—and they made their money out of their remedies. I propose to offer you a share in a commercial enterprise having a larger field than that of any proprietary concern in America to-day, and **HAVING BETTER REMEDIES TO SELL.**

It is not to be a patent medicine company at all.

It is to be the Flower **FOOD** Remedy Company.

Every remedy that we put upon the market will be a **FOOD**—not a drug. It will be a **NUTRIENT** to parts affected. It will drive out disease and restore health in precisely the same way as **FOOD** to-day taken into the mouth and digested in the stomach carries energy by the blood to the entire physical system.

WE DEAL IN NO POISONS.

Some of our remedies will be in tablet form, acting upon the blood through the digestive process of the stomach and intestines. Some will be in suppository form, as in the case of the cure for Hemorrhoids, applied directly to the parts affected, and bringing **NOURISHMENT** to the tissues and nerves adjoining. Some will be in liquid form, as local applications.

ALL WILL BE GOOD FOODS TO ANTIDOTE DISEASE.

Our special formulas, purchased from a board of experienced physicians, tried, tested and proven, include **A SKIN SOAP, A TOILET POWDER, A TOOTH POWDER, A HAIR RESTORER, A HAIR DESTROYER, A COLD CREAM, A BLOOD TONIC, A DYSPEPSIA CURE, A CURE FOR PIMPLES, A CURE FOR FEMALE WEAKNESS, ASTHMA, HEMORRHOIDS, CATARRH, CONSTIPATION, WEAK EYES, DEAFNESS, DIZZINESS, EPILEPSY,** and many other dreaded afflictions. We have **FIFTY** different **FOOD REMEDIES.**

We will put our remedies into every drug store in the United States. We will sell through agents. We will sell direct by mail. We have **A BOARD OF EXPERIENCED** and **REGISTERED PHYSICIANS** to give advice in all cases requiring advice, free gratis and for nothing.

Our remedies will **CURE.** They are **FOODS.** They are better than anything else offered the public to-day. The day of noxious **DRUGS** is past, and **COMMON-SENSE** rules. **FOOD** for the **BODY** is the only thing that can logically be **GOOD** for the body.

I am going into this business for two reasons:

First, to make money.

Second, **TO WIPE OUT DISEASE BY BUILDING THE PHYSICAL.** I put the money question first because I think first of getting the money. I cannot do this work without its help.

If there were no money in it I should be wasting your time and my own on a pleasant theory. The money in it means **SUCCESS**; it means **ACCOMPLISHMENT.** There is a mint of money here, and there is no theory or speculation about it. Soaps we must have, everyone of us, in health or sickness. Toilet requisites we must have; these we shall supply. Those who buy our goods once will take no other kind thereafter. **WE HAVE THE BEST.**

The people want the best. They will take ours. We incorporate in July for \$1,000,000.00, paid-up cash capital. We divide this into ten million shares at 10 cents each, par value, and we offer you to-day a chance to buy in on this business at 2 cents a share, fully paid and non-assessable. We have readers enough to pick up all the stock in this business that we care to offer for sale. We will accept no orders for less than 500 shares; \$10.00 buys 500 shares to-day.

This is your first opportunity to join me; it may be your last. I cannot say that we shall offer the stock at all next month—certainly not at 2 cents.

This looks brighter to me than even The Flower Health Cigar. Many of you objected to the idea of advancing the sale of a cigar, no matter how non-injurious it might be. You can have no objection to sharing in the profits of a **FOOD REMEDY** business. It is true that you are in touch with the power of mind to overcome disease, but is there one among you who will not bind up a wound to prevent the dirt from entering? Is there one among you who will live on his thought alone, taking no food for his body's nourishment? The basic principle of the future success of The Flower Food Remedy Company is that we deal in **FOODS** that **NOURISH**—not destroy. We require **FOOD** for the body as long as we have a body.

The Flower Health Cigar is a luxury. It will succeed; it is succeeding, but the demand for a luxury cannot by any chance equal the demand for dozens of **NECESSITIES** I claim

that our FOOD remedies ARE necessities, both to the sick and the well.

Now, understand me. I offered you a share in the Health Cigar business, and you took my word for its being a good thing; you bought on my faith, and accepted my judgment. In return, I guaranteed you 10 per cent. interest on your investment, and a full refund, if on December 1st you were not satisfied with results. This seemed to me only right, because I held the secret of the manufacture, and you took my word for its being true. But in this present case I guarantee you nothing. If you go in it is because you have faith in it, not because you have faith in me. It looks good to me. I am going into it up to my eyes, and I am going to win. But you will stand just where I do, and you will take just the same chances as I do—if there are any chances in business. I like this better than a mine of copper or gold. It is an opportunity to offer for sale something that there is a DEMAND for. If you strike gold in your mine you are all right. If you don't, where is your money? In this business you are going in to supply a certain DEMAND. Well, that means money.

To the first people in a business go the rewards. To our first stockholders go the profits. That's only right. If you buy at all, buy now—at 2 cents a share.

There is money in it for our agents, too; but that will come later. Our first remedies, the hemorrhoid cure and one or two others, will be on the market by the middle of June. The rest will follow as fast as we can put them out. If you don't buy a dollar's worth of stock it won't make any difference—the work goes right on, quick as we can put it out to the public. It's a big thing, and we prefer to do it on a big scale and share the profits. That's why we offer you the chance to join to-day.

Are you coming in?

The Psychic Club.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

WE have not said much about the PSYCHIC CLUB or the SUCCESS CIRCLE of late, because our space was so taken up with articles which we thought would prove of interest and profit to our readers, that we had room for but a few lines regarding the work of the Club and the Circle. This month we will try and make up for our shortcomings in this respect for the last month or two. Some of our readers have written us inquiring whether the Club was on the wane or whether we had lost interest

in it. To both questions we answer "NO!" most positively. On the contrary, the Club is adding to its members at the rate of several hundred each week, and the most gratifying results are reported to us. We could fill these pages with reports and communications from its members, were it not for the fact that the members of the PSYCHIC CLUB write us freely, with the understanding that we are not to use their letters for publication. This fact, and the rules of the Club, which insures each member the secrecy surrounding his connection with the organization, prevents us from showing the public just what a wonderful work is being done.

Many of our members are conducting investigations along the lines of experimental psychology and occultism, and many have developed wonderful powers and qualities. We receive every week the most positive reports of experiments in thought-transference, mind-reading, psychometry, clairvoyance, etc., etc., which if published would set the world to talking about these subjects as it has never talked before. The people, who are getting these wonderful results, are persons in all walks of life, who cannot afford to have their neighbors, employers, employees, business associates, clients, patients, or congregations, made aware of the fact that they are investigators of the psychic or occult phases of life. They know too well how the finger of scorn, and the smile of ridicule, await those who are known to be interested in these subjects, particularly in the smaller cities, towns and villages of the country. They know that to be pointed out as "queer" by those around them, would mean a social and financial loss, which they do not see fit to face at this time. They prefer to work on in silence, feeling that the day is coming when they can stand out and face the public, showing the results of their investigations and labors, and receiving the praise which the public will then be quite willing and ready to bestow upon them, in place of the scorn and ridicule which would be their portion were they to prematurely announce themselves. So in the meantime they go on with their working, buying, selling, teaching, preaching, practicing law or medicine, and what not, and keep very quiet about their investigations. This may not be high ethics or principles, but it seems to be common-sense to many of our most earnest investigators, and we make it a rule to respect their wishes.

So far as the SUCCESS CIRCLE is concerned, the results reported are almost marvelous, speaking from the ordinary standpoint. Hundreds of members are

reporting restored health, and as many more report an increase in their business success and prosperity. Of course, all of them do not get results, and we frequently receive letters from some who feel quite discouraged. From the latter, however, we often receive later letters showing that the tide has turned, and that the first-mentioned letters were written in that darkness which so often just precedes the rising of the sun. Many expect results at once, forgetting that the Law does not work in that way. They are not willing to plant the seed-thought and carefully watch and water it and allow it to grow naturally and steadily as does the plant. They want to "rush" things, and frequently spoil the whole thing by their haste and anxiety. Anxiety often acts as Fear, and, in fact, it is a sort of Fearthought. When people learn to understand the workings of the law, we will not hear so many reports of this kind, and we will have a still greater number of favorable reports.

Then again, people so often insist upon having Success come in *their* way—in some particular way that they imagine to be the right and only one. They do not know that the Law works in its own way, and which way is always the best, and if one insists upon it working some other way he is really hindering and resisting the Law, and the result is frequently a complete smash-up of preconceived notions and carefully arranged plans. The Law will give you Success if you trust it, but it will only do on its own terms and in its own way. Don't forget this.

And then again, many wish to use the Law to force other people to do things to suit the first party. This is no way to get the benefit of the Law. The moment you wish to force other people to do things in your special way that moment the Law will act in behalf of the other party, and you will get a very different kind of result from that which you had expected. When you learn to mind your own business, and allow the other fellow to do the same, then you may call on the Law to help you, and not before. Who are you, anyhow, to assume that your way is right and the other man's is wrong? It's no wonder that the Law raps some of you so sharply over the knuckles. Serves you right, and teaches you a lesson. Don't meddle with the other man, unless it is to do him a good turn or to lend him a helping hand, and that's not meddling. The Law is not favorable to Pharisees, and if you are one of that kind of people, you and the law are not working together. Think over these things a little, and maybe you will see why certain things did not

turn out as you expected. Don't start in to "reform" all your neighbors and family—maybe you are in need of reforming yourselves. MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS—and you'll be kept busy.

The watchword for June is a strong one. When you repeat it, think of the meaning of the words, and do not repeat them like a parrot or a phonograph. Seems to me that I am in a scolding humor this afternoon—it must be because some of you need it, and the Law is using me in that way for your own good. In that case it is not I who am trying to "reform" you, but the Law itself, for I never try to reform anyone unless they ask me and are willing to take the sand-paper treatment that usually awaits them during the reforming process, even if I am apt to pour oil on their wounds afterward.

The watchword for June is:

"I MANIFEST LIFE, HEALTH, ENERGY, GROWTH AND POWER."

Valuable Testimony.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

BUSINESS men are waking up to the value of Mental Science ideas in business and everyday life, and are beginning to preach it to those around them. They do not call it Mental Science, but any student of the latter can see the Mental Science ideas cropping out everywhere in the speeches and writings of these active, energetic, up-to-date business men.

Vice-President Tarbell of the Equitable Life Insurance Company evidently knows a good thing when he sees it, and if he has not been absorbing Mental Science principles I'm very much mistaken. In a recent bulletin, issued for the private use of the agents of his company, he preaches a first-rate Mental Science sermon to his agents. I think it worthy of reprinting in the columns of NEW THOUGHT, and I believe that the reading of this article will put new energy into any business man who is open to good suggestions. Brother Tarbell is evidently an "I Can and I Will" man, and the fact of his occupying the high position in the insurance world, which he has won for himself, shows that the thought within him took form in action. Here is what he says to his agents:

"If I were asked to sum up in two words what a man's attitude toward his work should be in order to get the greatest possible results, I should say, 'be strong; be positive.' Cultivate strength of mind and purpose just as you would strength of muscle. They respond even more rapidly and satis-

factorily to systematic treatment and exercise. A strong personality, if it is on the right side, is an infallible introduction to success. It commands respect. People instinctively make room for it. Unfavorable influences melt away under the strong, vitalizing force of a positive character, like the mist before the sun. I have seen a whole host of elements arrayed against one man, all—little by little—brought into harmony with him by the unswerving purpose of his strong and positive nature. I dare say you have seen many instances of it yourselves, and you know as well as I that the strong men are the positive men—not the undecided, vacillating kind. I like the man who doesn't need to be asked which side of the fence he is on.

"You will pardon me if I urge upon you again that a life assurance agent show know fundamentally and thoroughly what he is talking about. It is only out of the fullness of knowledge that a man can speak feelingly and forcefully of the advantages and benefits of this great business. It is worth while to sit down and study your problems when you are not out actually soliciting. Many an agent sends a hurried telegram to the home office in the heat of competition to ask a question which he has had plenty of opportunity, but no inclination to learn before, and maybe the delay causes him to lose the business. It almost seems like being chased by a bear and regretting too late that you had never learned how to climb a tree. It is not oftenest for lack of ability that men fail, but for lack of application. The longer I live the more absolutely amazed I am at the amount of ability that lies dormant in mankind. Ability that is negative; that lacks simply an understanding of itself, or a vitalizing spark to make a start toward growth. I venture to say that at least half our agents do not realize their own present capabilities, to say nothing of the possibilities that they could grow into. I have said more than once that every \$25,000 man could write \$50,000 in a year just as well as half that sum, and that the \$50,000 man could easily learn to produce \$100,000, and I know that most of them immediately raise a question in their minds as to the correctness of the assertion. Therein lies the weakness. I would stake my reputation on the correctness of my position. Be positive. Say 'I will,' and you can—but not if you doubt yourself the next minute. If you vacillate between 'I will' and 'I fear I can't,' you never will be strong. You must put on positiveness as a garment and never leave it behind you. You must never forget that when you have done one thing you

can do a greater thing next time, and you must undertake that greater thing immediately if you want the full measure of benefit from what you have already accomplished. Do not relax and weaken between efforts. Keep busy. Those who accomplish great results are those who keep right on going from one thing to another all the time. It is only by constant use that the faculties of the mind become strong, but there is more solid satisfaction in building them up than in any other imaginable thing, for to the mind strengthened by use and by difficulties every imaginable thing is possible."

Invaluable.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Some time ago I purchased Mr. Atkinson's lessons in Thought Force, etc. The more I study them the more I realize how deep they are. At first I glanced through them with some apprehension, for writers on these subjects generally feel called upon to attack one's religious belief the first thing, then to insult one by insinuating that none but fools or imbeciles can believe what the churches teach. But Mr. Atkinson is really the first I have read who says we can believe what we choose, and yet learn "these things." I have all along been saying that real Mental Science (so-called) has nothing in it to antagonize any one's religious belief. Your lessons are invaluable, and it will take a long time to master them thoroughly. They are just what I have been looking for.

MRS. G. R. SMITH.

Entirely Different.

Elmira, N. Y.

Regarding Mr. Atkinson's lessons on Thought Force, etc., it gives me great pleasure to say that I find them entirely different from anything else I have read on the subject. They are just what I needed, and what I have looked and longed for for years. My mental attitude was all wrong. I knew it and had been painfully conscious of it for years, but how to readjust myself I knew not. I read everything I could find that might possibly help me out, but to no purpose, until fortunately for me I had the good fortune to obtain these lessons which have changed my whole being decidedly for the better. I desire to progress along these fascinating lines and I intend to continue the study of these lessons and the practice of the exercises accompanying them. I feel greatly indebted to Mr. Atkinson for the pleasure and profit that these matchless lessons have afforded me.

L. E. BISHOP.